

# The PINE CONE

*A Panorama of Maine*

25 CENTS

SUMMER  
1953



In  
This  
Issue:

- WELLS AND THE KENNEBUNKS
- A DRIVE DOWNEAST
- GREENVILLE, MAINE

# The PINE CONE

*Published by the State of Maine Publicity Bureau*

(A privately supported, state-wide, non-partisan, non-profit organization for the promotion and development of Maine's agricultural, industrial and recreational resources.)

**1953**

**SUMMER**

**1953**

## *In This Issue:*

	PAGE
WELLS AND THE KENNEBUNKS . . . . Richard A. Hebert	3
<i>A Profile of the Region</i>	
STOCK CAR RACING IN MAINE . . . . . Victor A. Schlich	10
<i>Thrills and Chills on the Speedway</i>	
WHY MAINE ATTRACTS SUMMER VISITORS	
Adrian H. Scolten, M.D.	15
<i>Maine Has Interesting People</i>	
BETTY CURTIS' LOOK-ALIKE DOLLS . . . . .	16
<i>A Hobby That Paid Off</i>	
THE TOWN THAT LIVED FOR THE OUTDOORS	
Edmund Ware Smith	18
<i>Greenville, Maine</i>	
A DRIVE DOWNEAST . . . . . Ruth Harvey	22
<i>From Portland to Calais</i>	
THIS SUMMER IN MAINE . . . . .	29
<i>1953 Calendar of Events</i>	
AROUND THE CRACKER BARREL . . . . .	34
MINSTRELSY OF MAINE . . . . . Edited by Dan Kelly	39
MAINE'S SEA LEXINGTON . . . . . Janie Michaels	43
AUGUST . . . . . ADDISON LIBERMAN	Back Cover

THE PINE CONE

SUMMER, 1953

VOL. 9, NO. 2

Published Quarterly by

THE STATE OF MAINE PUBLICITY BUREAU

PORTLAND - AUGUSTA - KITTERY - BANGOR - NEW YORK

MANN OFFICE: 3 ST. JOHN ST., PORTLAND 4, MAINE

GUY P. BUTLER  
*Executive Manager*

WILLIAM A. HATCH  
*Editorial Manager*

PINE CONE SUBSCRIPTION: \$1 A YEAR

(Printed in Maine on Maine-made Paper)

## Wells and The Kennebunks

This Summer, the York County coastal towns of Wells and Kennebunkport celebrate the 300th anniversary of their founding as Maine's third and fifth incorporated townships, respectively. Appropriate celebrations are planned. Herewith, an up-to-date profile of the region.

By RICHARD A. HEBERT

*Community Promotion Manager*

THE THREE TOWNS of Wells, Kennebunk and Kennebunkport, in the center of the York County beach area, have a combined population of 8,116 residents.

This Summer, and every Summer nowadays, an estimated five times that number will throng to this coastal area to occupy its several score hotels and inns and the hundreds of summer cottages for seaside vacations. Many thousands more will visit the beaches, or make day motor trips along the towns' scenic by-ways on sparkling summer days.

Tens of thousands of other travelers to Vacationland will pass through the townships via U. S. Route One, One-A and the Maine Turnpike, en route to vacation destinations further north and east in the Pine Tree State.

From normally quiet Maine coastal communities for nine months of the year, the three towns, in the summer

months, quickly burgeon into a bustling, albeit decorous, area filled with vacationers, artists, writers, yachtsmen and hotel guests. Having been developing the resort business for more than 75 years, the area can take the annual influx of visitors and veteran summer residents in stride. Most important physical attraction of the three towns and chiefly responsible for the concentration of resort activity is the nearly 20 miles of fine sand beaches, interlaced with river inlets and bold headlands, stretching from Perkins Cove to Hoyt Neck.

The rivers, all of which have picturesque tidal inlets, are the Josias, Ogunquit, Webhannet, Merrilland, Mousam, Kennebunk, Batson and Little. Named beach areas include Ogunquit, Moody, Wells, Crescent, Kennebunk and Goose Rocks.

Back from these beach areas an average of five to eight miles are roll-





*Nearly twenty miles of fine sand beaches are interlaced with bold headlands such as this scene along the Kennebunkport shoreline.*

ing farm and forest lands, criss-crossed with highways and rural roads, making as eye-pleasing a prospect as can be imagined.

BEFORE the white man set eyes on this region, it was a favorite of Maine Indians. They, too, made summer encampments along the river inlets and beaches. Their relics have been found at many places in the area. Their fondness for this summer playground probably contributed to the fierceness with which they eventually sought to expel the first settlers as "intruders."

From a distance of three hundred years, many of today's residents of the area will admit they can understand the resentment of the Indians over the encroachment of the white man on one of their favorite hunt-

ing and fishing playgrounds. Families that have held property in the area for more than 200 years, as well as newcomers established there for only a few seasons, sense the "charm" with which the region holds its residents.

Even though the word itself is wholly inadequate, this "charm" has found expression everywhere throughout the region, in prose, poetry, painting, photography, architecture and wood carving. It is even the source of the area's strongest economic impetus today, for much of this Vacationland's economic strength is based on the "repeat business," which returns year after year, held by the spell of natural beauty combined with deep-rooted historic associations. Even so, modern techniques of communication and promotion are not neglected

to attract a constantly increasing stream of new vacationers each year.

MANY YEARS ago, Maine people learned that the vacationer of today very often becomes the permanent resident of tomorrow. As in many other towns throughout the State, the advent of the automobile and the building of paved roads during the past thirty years has made possible a pleasant, graceful living in small communities, with satisfying employment in small industries located anywhere in the nearby area. Daily commuting of up to 25 miles is considered almost insignificant today.

While Wells and Kennebunkport remain essentially residential and vacation communities, Kennebunk, the most populated town of the trio, in recent years has attracted medium-size textile and shoe plants. These are by far the largest single employers among more than a score of smaller plants and shops in the three towns, nearly all of which employ less than 25 workers. Lumber, wood products, boxes, boats, cabinet work, shoe parts, and printing make up other principal products.

With agriculture and sea and shore fisheries, along with manufacturing and the vacation-travel industry, making up the basic economic components of the area, a reasonably balanced economy is evident, supporting nearly 100 business establishments in the dis-



*Turbat's Creek, Kennebunkport.*

tributive and service trades. The three towns also contain a higher than average number of economically independent retired persons, as might be expected from the naturally pleasant environment.

All three towns have their quota of historic houses, many of which are open for visit, especially on "Open House Days," held annually. Probably the most famous of these is the "Wedding Cake House" in Kennebunk, constructed by a ship's carpenter in the early Nineteenth Century. Its ornate scrollwork and "gingerbread" typify the almost forgotten exterior house decorations of that era. Many of the historic mansions, especially in Kennebunk and Kennebunkport, were built by prosperous sea captains, with interiors and furnishings of period elegance. Their owners were the builders and sailors of world-famous vessels which journeyed to the Seven Seas and brought back to Maine Oriental and European articles and ornaments. These helped to establish a peculiarly international flavor to the area, which lingers to this day.

ALTHOUGH settled a few years later than Kennebunkport, then known as Cape Porpoise, the Town of Wells ranks as third incorporated town in Maine. Until 1820, it included the area of the present Town of Kenne-

*Many thousands visit the beaches.*







*Kennebunkport*

*Cape Porpoise*





*Perkins Cove, Ogunquit*

*Wells Beach*







*Wedding Cake House, Kennebunk.*

bunk, which became Maine's 238th town. A part of Kennebunk was set off again to Wells in 1868.

Wells was founded by the Rev. John Wheelwright and a group of Puritan dissenters from Massachusetts. In the early Colonial period, it was the romantic setting for Indian warfare, witchcraft and maritime activities. For three hundred years it has remained a town untouched by industry, with only a few lumber and boat-building activities, yet it enjoys an international fame for its sandy beaches, scenic walks and drives, surf fishing, art colonies and summer theater.

Its three principal settlements are Wells, Webhannet and Ogunquit, with minor settlements at Perkins Cove and Moody. U. S. Route One provides the approach to all these shore areas, while the Maine Turnpike passes through the township a few miles west of Route One, with a traffic interchange for Wells and Sanford.

With the rise of the vacation-travel industry over the past 75 years, Ogunquit has become the most publicized area within the township. It is an Indian name, meaning "Beautiful Place by the Sea," given it by the Natick Tribe, which inhabited the region before the white man came. This area has a "Marginal Way," a well-kept path following the rock-bound coast from the mouth of the Ogunquit River to Perkins Cove, at the southernmost corner of the township, a center for artists, fishermen, shops and tea-rooms. Ogunquit Vil-

lage was separately incorporated by the Legislature in 1913 as a relatively autonomous village area within the township.

Wells will celebrate its 300th Anniversary with a special program on August 29, 30 and 31. A parade of historical floats, exhibitions of antiques, curios and old houses, colonial church services, field day and barbecue, plays, clambakes and street dancing will be among the features.

KENNEBUNKPORT, or "Cape Porpus," had been visited by fishermen as early as 1602 and by Samuel de Champlain in 1604. He gave it the name of Port aux Isles. Captain John Smith named it "Porkpiscis," a mixture of English and Latin, from the many porpoises he observed there. The native pronunciation of "Cape Porpus," under which it was incorporated in 1653, lasted for nearly 60 years, before the spelling "Porpoise" appeared on official records.

In 1719, the town's name was changed to "Arundel," after the town had been resettled following devastation by Indian raids between 1689 and 1713. The present name of Kennebunkport was adopted in 1821 and in 1915 a portion of the township was set off to form the Town of North Kennebunkport.

The actual village of Kennebunkport lies at the southern tip of the town, at the mouth of the Kennebunk River. Cape Porpoise is today the name of the original village, a fishermen's haven, a few miles to the northeast. Goose Rocks Beach and Curtis Cove are on the northern shoreline of the town.

As the first settlers were seafaring people, the town still boasts many old sea captains' mansions. Booth Tarkington and Margaret Deland were among the most famous writers who made their summer homes in Kennebunkport. Its present most famous writer-resident is Kenneth Roberts, born in Kennebunk, who took the town for the setting of his famous novel "Arundel." Many of its characters were conceived by him in the light of his observations of local personages. The town today has some 15 large summer hotels.





*Roger S. Bragdon's oxen will participate in the 300th Anniversary of Arundel celebration, symbolizing the region's historical past.*

Kennebunkport plans a summer-long celebration of its 300th Anniversary, beginning with a traditional bonfire and fireworks the night before the Fourth of July and ending with a three-day country fair over the Labor Day week end. The observance will include old-fashioned clambakes, a horse show, a tasting tea, hobby shows, street dances and formal balls, and Colonial Sabbath observances.

An art exhibit will feature the work of outstanding Maine artists, many of whom summer in the region, and a memorial showing of the work of Abbott Graves, A.N.A. There will be also a series of Open House Days, sponsored by the Kennebunkport Historical Society and a revival of Kennebunkport's famous River Carnival.

After Indian raids ended in 1727, the town began to expand and prosper. Lumber and fish were the basic industries, with growing exports to

the West Indies. This prosperous merchant shipping and shipbuilding era grew during the first half of the 19th Century and the Kennebunk River became one of the important centers of shipbuilding and trade along the Maine coast. The former custom house there is now the Louis T. Graves Memorial Library. Several cruise schooners will visit Kennebunkport this Summer to revive memories of the town's former glory in the sailing days.

As the sailing ship era gave way to the age of steam in the late 19th Century, the town began to develop its resort economy, a trend still in progress.

Thus does the Wells-Kennebunks area of Maine look back on its first 300 years as organized communities—proud of a colorful history, conscious of unusual natural advantages and optimistic over the prospects of continued growth and prosperity.

# Stock Car Racing In Maine

The deep-throated roar of stock cars churning their way around hundreds of small tracks from Maine to California is sweet music to the ears of millions of stock car racing fans throughout the country. For them it holds the promise of thrills and chills.

By VICTOR A. SCHLICH

STOCK CAR RACING is on the upswing in Maine. It was introduced to the state four years ago and is still growing. Each week thousands of enthusiasts flock to the tracks and cheer on their favorite gas buggy drivers.

The rapid growth of this new sport is due largely to the promotional efforts of two organizations made up of car owners, drivers, mechanics and just plain friends. They are the Maine State and Pine State Stock Car Racing Associations. Both groups conduct racing under a strict set of rules and regulations.

Stock car racing in Maine often is called "the poor man's racing game." It gained this reputation because just about anybody can own or drive a stock car. Many of the owners or drivers are barely out of their teens. Long on desire and ambition, but short on cash, their technical know-how nevertheless is on a par with the best.

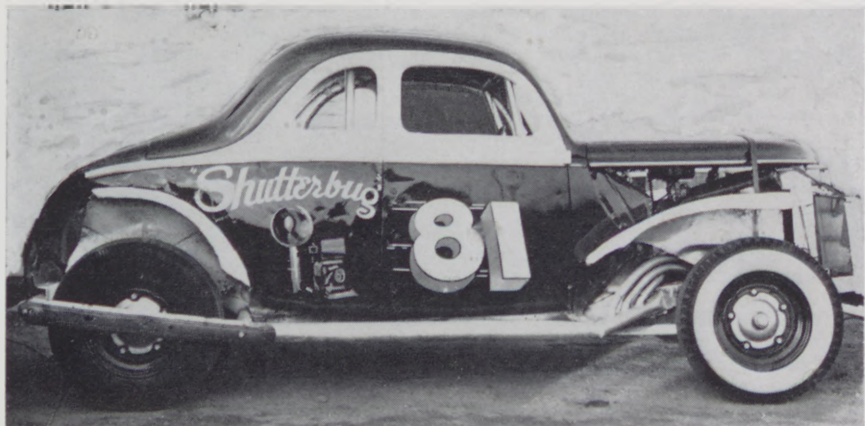
WHAT IS a stock car? You ask. Basically, it's a hard top passenger car stripped down for speed racing. Regulations stipulate that stock cars racing on Maine tracks must have

mechanical equipment that does not deviate from the manufacturer's original specifications.

Call one of the drivers "hot rod" and you're likely to get your ears pinned back by a verbal blast. Sure, the boys like to race. Sure, they're known for a heavy foot on the gas pedal. But they're also known for their safety regulations. And it's those regulations which enabled Maine to enjoy four years of stock car racing without a single driver fatality.

Maybe the drivers have extra hard heads under the heavily-padded crash helmets they're required to wear. Maybe their bones aren't as brittle as ours seem to be. But it's more than just luck which protects them from injury. Next time you have a chance, look inside a stock car.

Nothing very pretty to see, we'll grant you. Seldom is there much of a floor, and all the seats and window glass except a windshield are ripped out. Everything that isn't absolutely essential to make a car run is tossed aside in the quest for more speed. But you will see things inside that would go far toward cutting down



*A stock car is a hard top passenger car stripped down for speed racing.*

the annual highway death toll if incorporated in regular car designs—things like steel bracing welded to the frame. The driver's seat also is welded to the frame, and he always must wear an airplane type safety belt.

Precautions like these enable drivers to clamber grinning and unhurt from crackups and rollovers that leave spectators gasping for breath. It's nothing to see a car roll over several times, absorbing what appears to be brutal punishment, and then have it rightened by a wrecker ready to run in the next race.

STOCK CAR racing fans in Maine this Summer will have four tracks to choose from for their weekly diet of thrills and spills. These are the Beech Ridge Speedway at Scarborough, just outside Portland and a half-mile from Route One; the Oxford Plains Speedway, located on Route 26 in Norway; the Sanford Speedway, on Route 109, three miles east of Sanford; and Unity Fair Grounds, located on Route 202 at Unity in central Maine.

Beech Ridge has races carded for Wednesday and Saturday nights at 8 p.m. Unity and Oxford Plains plan 2 p.m. Sunday races. Sanford will run Fridays at 8 p.m. and Sundays at

2 p.m., though Sunday dates may be dropped later.

Three are dirt tracks. Sanford is the only macadam track in the state. Sanford and Beech Ridge are one-third mile in length, while Unity and Oxford Plains are half-milers.

Beech Ridge Speedway was the first Maine track built specifically for stock car racing. It was put up in 1949 by James B. McConnell of Scarborough, whose venture earned him the nickname "Father of Maine Stock Car Racing." The Sanford and Oxford Plains ovals were built in 1950. Unity is a harness track converted for gas buggies.

It was Beech Ridge which pioneered many of the safety devices developed for spectator protection. Wheels breaking loose from fast-moving cars literally are carriers of death. The only two spectator fatalities at Maine tracks were caused by flying wheels. They occurred several years ago before protective fences were installed to keep the wheels on the track.

There is ample protection provided for drivers, too. Here again Beech Ridge offers a good example. An ambulance and doctor are on hand in the track infield during every race meet. If a car develops trouble spelling po-



tential danger to other cars on the track, traffic signals installed at the four turns are called into action. These lights function like the traffic lights you see at street intersections, and the colors mean the same thing. On red all cars come to an immediate halt. Flashing yellow means caution, but the race continues. Green is all clear.

THE AVERAGE meet offers spectators eight separate races. As in harness racing, there are qualifying heats. Generally the first four or five to finish in each heat qualify for the feature race. Non-qualifiers run in the consolation race. The first three to finish in this event are allowed into the final race, too. In addition there are two semi-final races and the feature race. Heats are ten laps, the feature 20 laps or more. The others are 15-lappers.

Tracks aren't wide enough to permit all the cars to start evenly. Consequently they line up two by two in Indian file at the starting line. Cars or drivers with the most points earned in previous races are put at the rear

of the line. This permits a handicap type of race start.

Winners of the various race events get points, and prize money, as set up in the regulations. Prize money depends on the attendance at each meet. The larger the crowd, the larger the purse.

Although the driver faces trouble confidently because of the many safety devices, there's one man involved in the race who has nothing but a pair of eyes and nimble feet between him and death at all times. He's the flagman or starter.

It's his job to get races started properly, to give drivers flag signals on the progress of the race as they whizz by, and to wave off cars disqualified for driving faults or mechanical troubles spotted by observers. Doing his job puts the flagman out on the track as the cars hurtle by.

THE BEST KNOWN flagman in Maine circles is a quiet-mannered Portland milkman named Harold V. Ellis. But if you want him to pay attention when you call, you'd better call him "Lefty." His job is one which insurance com-

---

*Safety precautions enable drivers to clamber grinning and unhurt from crackups and rollovers.*





*It's the flagman's job to get races started properly.*

panies won't cover, and the reason is obvious after you've seen a few races. Close brushes with death are a steady diet for Lefty.

Looking back on three years as flagman at Beech Ridge and other Maine tracks, Lefty recalls most vividly two close brushes involving driver Real L. "Butch" Boucher of Saco. Both occurred during races in Lewiston.

On one occasion Lefty lost a pair of pants to Boucher's fast moving car. Lefty was on the track giving drivers a flag signal when Boucher's car whizzed by a bit too close for comfort. As it tore by, the car caught Lefty's pants. His pants went down the track with Boucher as Lefty ducked for cover.

Another time Lefty turned from waving a car off the track because it was disqualified, only to see Boucher roaring down on him in his Number 66. There wasn't time to do much of anything, but Lefty is used to quick thinking. He jumped up onto the hood of Boucher's oncoming car, escaping almost certain death.

He looks to his nimble feet, shod in

baseball spikes, for his protection. The feet, together with eyes that seem to be looking in all directions at once, so far have kept Lefty out of any serious trouble.

Stock car drivers are, as a rule, young men with a thirst for speed that can't be slaked on Maine's 45-mile-an-hour highways. They're a courageous lot despite their youth. Typical of the spunk and grit that are a must in any good driver's physical makeup is South Berwick's Dick Garrett.

DICK SUFFERED a crippling attack of infantile paralysis when a young boy. He exercised countless hours before he could regain any use of his withered left leg which cut short the usual boyhood activities and sports. Determined to participate in some kind of competitive sport despite his crippling illness, Dick chose the most thrilling of all—auto racing.

Here's what Sports Editor Blaine E. Davis, of the Portland Press Herald, had to say about Dick in one of his "Maine-ly Sports" columns:

"He is a daring and intrepid driver, though not a reckless one. His timing and uncanny judgment of distance and speed are recognized everywhere drivers meet. His performances are all the more remarkable because he tools the ton or more of speeding metal on tarred and greasy tracks although he occasionally has to move his cramped and tired leg with his hands. That's a neat trick, if you can get away with it—riding a roaring car no hands while using them to move a weakened leg."

But Dick Garrett isn't the only driver with an interesting story. There are others. Take Harold Wood of Portland, for example. Known as a hard driver on the track, Wood annually wins safe driving awards for his accident-free handling of heavy trailer rigs. Then there's Art Proulx of Gorham. He piled up a reputation as a rough competitor while maintaining an excellent reputation as a school bus driver.

And Norway fans always will remember 15-year-old Glenn Andrews, the state's youngest driver. Glenn deliberately rolled his car over and over in front of the Oxford Plains grandstand to avoid running into a group of track officials ministering the flagman struck down just seconds before by another car.

YES, stock car racing is a sport which doffs its hat to none in offering spectator thrills. But it also has a more valuable, more lasting side as well. It has made a permanent

contribution to the development of today's automobile.

It can safely be said that virtually every improvement in automotive equipment and every new safety device was paid for in blood by the heavy-footed racing drivers who were the real pioneers of the industry.

Old-time tires were thin, uncertain and unsafe. The stock automobiles of three and four decades ago—like those raced on the sands at Old Orchard Beach in 1912—weren't able to provide the sustained wear and pounding that would show up the bugs. But the racers tore them apart and ripped them open. The special tires that were manufactured for the racing cars soon after were placed on the market for all.

Hard usage on sliding turns and the rough pounding of dirt tracks showed up the vulnerability of the steering knuckle. The engineers went back to their shops and designed one that even the harsh grind of the 500-mile Indianapolis race couldn't break. Today it's standard equipment on all cars.

THESE DISCOVERIES made at a terrific cost to the grimy race car pilots are a contribution to the safety and pleasure of present-day driving.

These drivers were hard-bitten gamblers who recognized the odds every time they sped down on a starter's flag. It's a good thing for the automotive industry that more of their kind still are providing the tests on hundreds of auto race tracks from Maine to California.

---

Great Northern Paper Company, currently building a big new power generating plant at Ripogenus Dam, has just announced that two new high-speed newsprint machines will be installed at the East Millinocket Mill. Construction and installation will take an estimated 20 months, but will treble production at East Millinocket and bring the plant to equal capacity with the Millinocket Mill. The entire multi-million dollar expansion program further will establish Maine as one of the most important newsprint areas in the world.



# Why Maine Attracts Summer Visitors

*By* ADRIAN H. SCOLTEN, M.D.

This is the time of year when people from many states come to Maine for their vacations. There are 43 states of the United States that are going after the summer business this year but we who live in Maine are convinced that we have the most to offer. I sometimes think that too little is said about the people of Maine. We get so absorbed with the beauty of the landscape that we give too little attention to the people who live here and people are always more important than places.

We talk about the green hills and quiet farms of Maine, her deep forests, centuries old, pungent with the smell of pine which give peace to tired minds and sleep to weary eyes. We tell the world that Maine still has virgin forests which have never known the axe of man. All of this has powerful appeal but the publicity writers seldom write much about its people. They seem to leave that to the story book writers and Maine certainly has its own lush crop of writers.

In addition to the abundant forest-land of Maine, her rocky promontories which have withstood the stress of storm and wave, her clear streams that bubble over stony beds and her inland lakes—calm and crystal clear—as beautiful as they were when the Indians silently paddled them in their canoes—in addition to all this, Maine has people, interesting people, salt-of-the-earth people. People who are native Americans as well as large settlements of the foreign-born who congregate in industrial centers who have adopted America. Maine is full of little towns named Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Mexico, Paris, Calais, Vienna. They are named for the old

world but the people who live in them use their own pronunciation of the names.

These interesting people—many of them—live in white houses with green shutters along elm-bordered streets in small villages and many of them live where their fathers and grandfathers lived before them. Their roots are in the soil and there they stay. In this age of so much that is hectic and transient this is a useful and pleasant way to live. Many people work and save all of their lives so that they can come back and spend their old age in a quiet country village.

One thing Maine is beginning to do for itself that has long been needed is the improvement of its road markings. Visitors and natives as well will appreciate this improvement because it has been as easy to lose your way in Maine as it is to slip on the ice on a winter's day.

New England towns have appeared so much in literature that teachers and students of history and literature come to see these towns. Often, if driving, they pass through without realizing they have been there unless they chance to see the name over a bank or a school. It would be a simple matter to place the names of towns on wayside signs for the traveler to read with perhaps a line of descriptive information.

If we make Maine a pleasant place to travel about in, our visitors will come again. We want to make them feel that we like them for the kind of people they are, not just for the money they spend in Maine. Then we shall see them when vacation time comes round again.



## Betty Curtis'

### Look-Alike Dolls

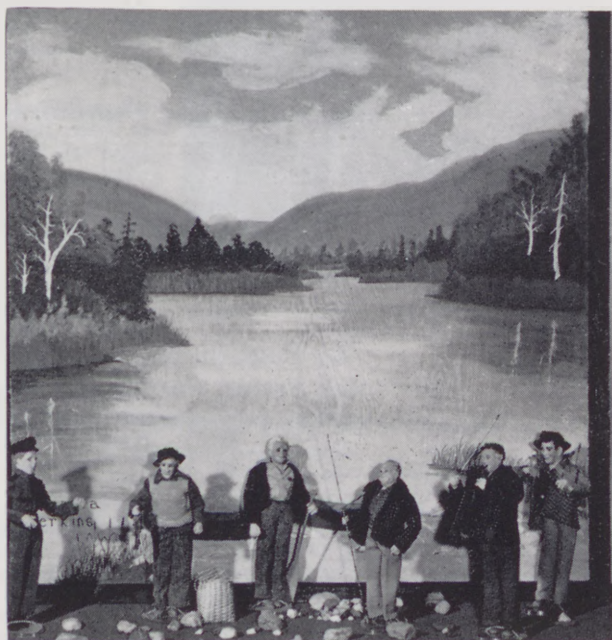
GRAND LAKES STREAM, way down in Washington County, is well known to sportsmen the nation over as a hunting and fishing center but is hardly the place one would think of to go shopping for dolls.

A few years back, a man and his wife moved there from out-of-state. The man to establish a business, the woman, simply because it was where her husband went.

Not content busying herself with the usual household chores, she eventually set up her own business and called it the "Old Post Office Gift Shop." Soon after, a friend recognizing her creative talents, asked her if she could make a doll for her small daughter.



*Replicas of Maine guides, sports and Game Warden, in a setting depicting Grand Lakes, was used for Betty Curtis' exhibit at the Maine Publicity Bureau office at Kittery recently. A visitor on seeing this exclaimed as if greeting an old friend, "Why that Warden is Virgil Ladd!"*



This started Betty Curtis off on a new tack. Soon she discovered the futility of trying to compete with commercial children's doll manufacturers and hit upon the idea of copying live models and pictures from the old family album.

Although claiming to be neither sculptor nor artist, Betty's dolls have a startling life-like appearance. After trying and discarding numerous processes, she has discovered a fabric covering for the face and body that is a very close resemblance to human flesh.

The dolls, about a foot high, are first cast in clay or plaster, the face is molded, then formed in her own composition material that is flexible and can be shaped in any position. The eyes are inserted and the crepe hair applied. Clothes are designed

in minute detail as to color, style and fabric.

The unique treatment of Betty Curtis' creations have won the acclaim of doll fanciers far and wide. Her dolls have been exhibited at the Dollology Club of Washington, D. C., the annual Doll Show held at St. Petersburg, Florida and the Curtis family's Great Aunt Sophronia can be seen at the Wenham Museum in Massachusetts.

What started as a hobby has developed into a sizeable business for Mrs. Curtis. Although she has made no effort to publicize her dolls, recognition through write-ups in national magazines and displays of her handiwork have resulted in requests from all over the country for Betty Curtis reproductions of favorite friends and relatives.





## *The Town That Lives For The Outdoors-*

# Greenville, Maine

By EDMUND WARE SMITH

*Managing Editor, Ford Times Magazine*

(Re-printed by permission of the Ford Times)

YOU KNOW the town is right there below you, but you can't see it. You know the great, wilderness-reaching lake is there, too. But now, in the early morning, looking from the window of Room Number One in the Hotel Greenville on the hill, you can see nothing but the expanse of fog—dense, cotton white, as motionless as a damp giant holding his breath.

In this situation, you *hear* the town of Greenville, Maine, and you hear Moosehead Lake—before you see them. It's a strange and fascinating introduction. A loon gives its long, sad, wilderness call, and far away another answers from a cove. A band saw whines from a mill, and you can almost smell sawdust. An outboard motor starts with a roar, and stops. The new Diesel on the Bangor & Aroostook R. R. fills the valley with a hollow moan. A door slams, and dialogue takes place between two men unknown, unseen, their voices a glad cry flung by the mysterious acoustics of the fog.

"Any luck yesterday?"

"Four trout and two salmon."

"Where?"

"Off Dry Point."

You could say that the lake and the town are talking, and that theirs is a special communion. In Sanders' store, which is 114 years old, or may-

be in Folsom's store, you hear another bit of talk—the business essence of Greenville and the lake.

A MAN from Iowa, or New York, or Montana parks his car on a mound of asphalt in front of Sanders' and steps inside.

He says: "I want to outfit for the Allagash and St. John River trip."

This is routine for Harry Sanders. It was routine for his father and grandfather.

"How many, and how far downriver are you going?" he asks.

"To Fort Kent. Four of us."

"Come back in a couple of hours," says Harry; and the voyager may rest assured that in two hours' time he will have canoes, guides, tents, provisions and a supply of dry matches adequate to his journey.

The wilderness region which serves and is served by Greenville and the lake inspired Whittier's poem, "To a Pine Tree." And a hundred years ago this summer, James Russell Lowell savored the lake and forest on a canoe trip on which he saw for the first time a young lady dressed in bloomers. Far from being shocked, the poet realized that the maiden's garments were well suited to a land especially designed for hunting, fishing and camping. So he awarded his

one time was an important lumbering community. Its homes are the only remains of the splendor of bygone days.

IF YOU enter the Lincoln House, as I did, through the old part, here is the original kitchen with its huge brick fireplace and Dutch oven looking now much as it must have looked 150 years ago. The room is at ground level and now makes an inviting reception room with its planned combination of the old and the new in its furnishings. In the morning, Mrs. Casey and her mother very kindly showed me over the house. Every room is furnished in keeping with tradition, and every one has a name. I had slept, so they said, in the "Minister's Room." Mrs. Lincoln's room, a very large and sunny one, had its own fireplace and a hidden closet deeply recessed within another closet. It was pitch black in there—a perfect hiding place from Indians! . . . I wonder what they did use it for?

I would like to have tarried longer in Dennysville and perhaps seen a lucky fisherman pull in his salmon, but the open road was beckoning. My next destination was Eastport, the easternmost *city* in the United States. Eastport is directly across Cobscook Bay from Lubec, a short distance by water but about forty miles on the highway. Here at Eastport is another spectacular view that I found out beyond the edge of the town on a headland overlooking Passamaquoddy Bay. Standing here, I gazed across to New Brunswick and beyond, across the giant Bay of Fundy to the far-away shores of Nova Scotia.

AFTER LEAVING Eastport, through Perry and Robbinston there are many beautiful views of the Canadian hills and a glimpse or two of St. Andrews-by-the-Sea with its hilltop resort hotel dominating the town. At Perry is a stone monument which marks the exact median point between the Equator and the North Pole . . . And some people try to tell us that Maine is just next door to the Pole! Beyond Robbinston is a little community known as Red Beach. It derives its name from a beach beside the main



*Eastport is the easternmost city in the U. S.*

route which has the reddest sand I have ever seen.

The road now passes through heavily wooded country in the town of Baring which is the headquarters for the Moosehorn National Wildlife Sanctuary. I hoped to catch a glimpse of some wildlife here, but it must have been the animal napping hour as the only sign of life was in the passing automobiles.

Calais, the next city on my itinerary, had to be the "turning around" point of my journey. My capsules of time were nearly gone, and I regretfully had to forego the idea of seeing that world famed fishing country around Princeton and Grand Lake Stream.

Calais too is a prosperous little city—with an international air—as here is one of the principal points of

*I gazed across to New Brunswick.*





*Calais, a principal point of entry from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.*

entry from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. There is much to make the tourist happy, all sorts of fine accommodations, especially cabin colonies. As a matter of fact, accommodations in the Washington County area which I had already covered were plentiful. No one traveling in this country need worry about where to stay for the night. You will not have to go far to find just about what you want.

Here at Calais is Dochet Island, formerly known at St. Croix Island, which was dedicated several years

ago to mark the international boundary line between the United States and Canada. On Dochet Island De Monts and Champlain wintered in the year 1604 making this the first recorded white settlement in America north of Florida.

HEADING HOME again, I sallied forth bravely on Route 9, commonly known as the "Airline." The Airline passes through the wilderness and lake country of Washington County, and had it not been fishing season would doubtless be a lonely road indeed. Which is not to say that no one travels this route, because I have heard of many who have. It is the shortest route between Bangor and Calais and through the years has been the subject of much "cussin' and discussin." There are just a very few communities scattered over its eighty-odd miles, but there are some beautiful views of woods and lakes and hills. The road is being improved constantly, and at present much of it is ready for the inevitable top surfacing. I won't be sorry to see that good black top if I go that way again. I must confess I'm somewhat of a "city gal" and like a cushioned ride without the snapping and banging of gravel under my tires.

I am not such a pioneer after all. Home looked good.



The Town of Unity, which celebrates its 150th anniversary in 1954, will have its first complete history of the Town published prior to the celebration. James Vickery, Jr., head of the English Department at the Dexter High School has been collecting facts relative to the early history of the Town of Unity for 15 years. His book, originally intended as a thesis for a Masters Degree at the University of Maine, is being sponsored by the Maine Historical Society. Vickery is a direct descendant of five generations of the Vickery family of Unity.

\* \* \*

The Mt. Kineo Hotel at Moosehead Lake is the latest Maine Resort Hotel to add an outdoor swimming pool to its facilities. The new pool, 75 x 35, contains 85,000 gallons of water pumped from Moosehead Lake through Bowser Filters and a chlorinator system.



# This Summer In Maine

The dates and events scheduled for Maine during the 1953 summer and fall season have been obtained from usually reliable sources, however, the PINE CONE cannot assume responsibility in the case of changes or omissions in this preliminary tabulation.

## GENERAL EVENTS

July 1-5: Camera Tour, Rangeley Lakes.

July 3-4: Old Timers Reunion and 4th Celebration, Eastport.

July 4: Fireworks, Naval Cruiser, Bar Harbor.

July 4: Old Fashioned Fourth Celebration, Blue Hill.

July 4: Fireworks Display, York Beach.

July 4: 4th Celebration, Thomaston Park, Thomaston.

July 4: Soap Box Derby, Farmington.

July 5: Fireworks and Doll Carriage Parade, York Beach.

July 11: Horse Show, Kennebunkport.

July 11: Annual Fireman's Field Day, Wilton.

July 15: Community Fair, Owl's Head.

July 15: Country Fair, Ogunquit.

July 18: Maine Press-Radio Women's Outing, Snow Bowl, Camden.

July 18: Lions Club Horse Show, York Beach.

July 19: Fashion and Fur Show on Boardwalk, York Beach.

July 22-23: Old Bristol Flower Show, Newcastle.

July 26: Beauty Contest, Miss York Beach, York Beach.

July 29: Cinderella Block Dance, York Beach.

July 27-Aug. 1: Maine Products Week—Displays in most Communities.

July 28-Aug. 1: Shakespearean Festival, Garden Theatre, Camden.

Aug. 2: Old Time Field Day and Sadie Hawkins Race, York Beach.

Aug. 5: Founder's Day, Home for Aged, Newcastle.

Aug. 5-7: State of Maine Writers' Conference, Ocean Park.

Aug. 8: "Doc" Grant's Pet Show, Rangeley.

Aug. 8: Doll and Hobby Show, Castine.

Aug. 9: "Doc" Grant's Annual Children's Day and Doll Carriage Parade, Rangeley.

Aug. 10-11: Community Fair, West Point.

Aug. 12: Summer Visitors' Hospitality Day, Damariscotta Information Bureau.

Aug. 14: Beaux Arts Ball, Rangeley.

Aug. 15: Bean Hole Bean Bake and VJ Day Celebration, Hallowell.

Aug. 15: Giant Bean Hole Bean Bake, Cumberland Fair Grounds.

Aug. 15-16: Western Rodeo, Skowhegan Fair Grounds, Skowhegan.

Aug. 16-22: Regional Products Exhibit, Damariscotta.

Aug. 17-18: Miss Maine Pageant, Skowhegan Fair.

Aug. 21: ¾ Century Club Annual Meeting, Lewiston Armory, Lewiston.

Aug. 22: All Morgan Horse Show, Woolwich.

Aug. 27: Natural History Club Flower Show, Turner Center.

Aug. 30: Old Timers' Fiddling Contest, York Beach.

Sept. 5: Grand Mardi Gras Block Dance, York Beach.

Sept. 6: Beauty Contest, York Beach.

Sept. 7: Labor Day Observances in Most Maine Communities.

Sept. 11-12: 2nd Annual Retired Skippers' Races, Mt. Desert Island.

Oct. 1-8: Maine Newspaper Week, University of Maine, Orono.

Oct. 2-3: 2nd Annual Fall Foliage Festival, Rangeley.

Oct. 21: Annual Hunters' Breakfast, Old Town.

## HISTORICAL

July 3-4: Centennial Celebration, Veazie.

July 3-Sept. 7: 300th Anniversary of Arundel, Kennebunkport.

July 5: Re-enactment of submission to Massachusetts to be held at Wells.

July 15: Open House — Historical Society.

July 26: Colonial Sabbath, South Congregational Church.

July 30: "Ships Cargo" Fair—Cape Porpoise.

Aug. 7: Arundel Lodge—Washing-ton Bi-Centennial.

Aug. 14: Open House, Historical Society.

Aug. 21-23: Reunion, Clough-Cluff Families.

Aug. 23: John Clough Genealogical Society.

Aug. 29-31: Celebration at Wells.

Sept. 5-7: Country Fair, Arundel Grange.

July 6-12: Sesquicentennial Celebration, Wilton.

July 11: Open House Day, Ellsworth.

July 16: Open House and Gardens Day, Camden-Rockport.

July 14-19: Edna St. Vincent Milay Week, Camden.

July 25: Henry Knox Birthday Celebration, Montpelier, Thomaston.

July 28-Aug. 1: "Old Peabody Pew" Revival, Buxton.

Aug. 1: Casco Day, Casco.

Aug. 8: Old Bristol Day, Pemaquid Beach.

Aug. 14-16: Centennial Celebration, Belfast.

Aug. 29-31: 300th Anniversary, Town of Wells.

Sept. 7: Sesquicentennial Celebration, Harmony.

## ARTS AND CRAFTS

July 1-Aug. 31: Maine Water Color Society Annual Exhibition, L. D. M. Sweat Memorial Art Museum, Portland.

July 1-Sept. 1: Special Exhibits, William A. Farnsworth Library and Art Museum, Rockland.

July 6-8: Antiques Show and Sale, Newcastle.

July 6-Aug. 15: Summer Session,

Art Exhibition, University of Maine, Orono.

July 6-Aug. 14: Summer Workshop, Bryn Mawr Art Center, Sullivan.

July 12: Handicraft Sale, Winthrop.

July 15-Aug. 15: Art Exhibit, Kennebunkport.

July 15-Sept. 1: Summer Art Exhibit, Walker Museum, Bowdoin College, Brunswick.

July 19-Aug. 31: Maine Coast Artists Show, Rockport.

July 23-25: Art Exhibit, Ellsworth.

July 27-31: Maine Antiques Show, Camden.

July 27-Aug. 1: Penobscot Bay Craftsmen's Show, Camden.

Aug. 2-8: Art Week and Boat Regatta, Rangeley.

Aug. 3-7: 16th Annual Antiques Fair, Kennebunk.

Aug. 22-24: Annual Art Show and Exhibition, Five Islands.

## MUSIC

June 29-Aug. 25: New England Music Camp, Oakland. (Public Sunday Concerts).

July 7-Aug. 24: Organ Recitals, Kottzschmar Memorial Organ, City Hall, Portland. (Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday).

August: Domain School for Conductors, Hancock. (Public concerts, Wednesdays and Sundays).

July 13-Aug. 22: The Berkeley Summer Music School, North Bridgton. (Public concerts, Wednesdays and Thursdays).

## FOOD FESTIVALS

July 10-11: Annual Maine Broiler Days, Belfast.

July 11: "World's Largest Chicken Barbecue," City Park, Belfast.

July 23-25: Aroostook Agricultural Carnival, Caribou.

July 31-Aug. 2: Annual Maine Seafoods Festival, Rockland.

Aug. 1: Freeport Lobster Festival, Freeport.

Aug. 22: Annual Blueberry Festival, Stockton Springs.

Sept. 6: First Annual Corn Festival, Farmington.



*Greenville, on State Highway 15, is the doorstep to Moosehead Lake.*

*Sanders' Store, in Greenville, is 114 years old.*







*Greenville, the result of a collaboration between Sanders' store, Moosehead Lake, and the Great Northern Paper Company.*

blessing to bloomers, and predicted that they might come into general use—"When women believe that sense is an equivalent of grace."

Mr. Lowell, Greenville, Moosehead Lake and women have all proved out. Today, except in black fly season, you can count a thousand or more ladies in shorts in Greenville and vicinity.

SOMEONE HAS said that Greenville, Maine, is the result of a collaboration between Sanders' store, Moosehead Lake, and the Great Northern Paper Company. Thanks to the Great Northern's logging operations and road building, you can drive almost around the lake. The company is currently building a road which will open up miles of formerly inaccessible portions of the Penobscot River's west branch. This will give Greenville more of what it has always had—access to the finest fishing, hunting and camping in the northeast.

Moosehead, so named because its shape resembles the antlers of a moose, is about thirty-five miles long, and from one to twenty miles wide. It is New England's largest lake—mountainous, islanded, most of it forested in spruce, fir, pine, beech and birch.

Greenville, on State Highway 15 about twenty-five miles north of Guilford, is the doorstep to the lake, and to a hundred miles of almost unbroken wilderness fanning outward and northward to the Quebec border. From the high hill above town, when the fog lifts in the morning, you can see part of this wilderness—with Squaw Mountain and Kineo rising from the lake.

You can see boats and canoes putting out from innumerable sporting camps for the day's fishing—trout, salmon and lake trout. A little seaplane takes off, the water blown to vapor which trails from its pontoons.

The pilot is George Later, Maine's first flying game warden. Another noted Greenville warden is Ed Lowell, retired. Ed is the dean of American wardens. He helped take spawn from the first trout ever to be used for artificial propagation.

GREENVILLE's two thousand citizens have ignored the trend toward ranch type homes. They reside comfortably in clapboard houses, and every other front lawn is functionally adorned with a pile of split wood and a canoe. Wall decorations, in homes and stores, run to mounted specimens of trout, salmon, togue and game animals. The lake, incidentally, has offered up countless specimens appropriate in size and form to the most fastidious museum. A huge landlocked salmon mounted on the wall in Sanders' store is said to have caused first utterance, of a now time-worn comment. On sighting the mammoth salmon, a nameless stranger remarked:

"The man who caught that fish is a liar."

IT IS hard to name the outstanding characteristic of the citizens of Greenville. It might be good nature. Everyone seems to be smiling—usually in memory or anticipation of fishing. It might be patient honesty. A visitor once bought a pair of moccasins in the Indian store and left them on the counter. Two years later he came back and the Indian girl who had waited on him wordlessly passed him his moccasins. Or maybe, after all, the chief characteristic is durability. An item in *The Moosehead Gazette*,

weekly, tells how Gene Dupré, who runs a sporting camp on Allagash Lake, was so severely injured in World War I that in winter he has to go to Arizona to hunt mountain lions.

Good nature, patient honesty, durability—and loyalty, too.

THE GREENVILLE people loved the sight and sound of the old steam engine on the Bangor & Aroostook when she pulled into the Junction. When the brand new Diesel was announced, Greenville hearts were saddened—but when on the Diesel's first run it arrived thirty-three minutes late, happiness was again restored and cheers were audible.

The sporting camps and resort hotels and inns around the lake are famous the world over, with recreation opportunities for every whim, whether you're a golfer, camper, fisherman, hunter, canoeman or boatman.

IN GENERAL, the spirit of recreation prevails in Greenville-on-the-lake. This spirit is somehow crystallized and made merry by an item in *The Moosehead Gazette*, which says, in part:

*On Sunday, August 3, the Methodist Church in this nationally known sporting community will again be host to visiting sportsmen when the parish will hold Fishermen's Sunday Service. Maine guides will act as ushers, and the Rev. George Bullens will preach on the topic: "Let's Go Fishing."*

---

Maine fishing this year will go down in the books as the best in recent years. Fast action started with ice-out and lasted through the Spring and early Summer season producing both quantity and sizable fish. Sebago's yield of a 16½-pound Brown Trout in May set an all time record for this specie in Maine's second largest lake. Summer fishing for Bass and Togue showed equally good results. Moosehead and the Narrows, Winthrop gave up Lake Trout over 22 pounds. Experts claim that Salmon, Trout and Togue up to 30 pounds in weight will be taken from Maine waters within the next few years.

## A Drive Downeast

I always feel a twinge of regret for those tourists who skim into Maine over one of the principal arteries, take a fleeting glance and hurry along home again.

By RUTH HARVEY

THEY'VE SEEN MAINE—at least that's what they think—but oh, what they've missed! There are miles and miles of beautiful State beyond that little Southwestern slice—which I like too because I have the good fortune to live there. As a matter of fact, after spending the greater part of my life in the Pine Tree State, I still am undecided as to which section has the most to offer—it always seems to be the part I'm in at the moment. This time, it was the eastern Coastal area, down to Washington County. Way down east is one section of our State I hadn't seen since childhood.

I do not recommend trying to cover as much of Maine as I did in the short time I had to do it in. I missed a great many attractions that I hope anyone else making this same trip will have the time to enjoy.

But here are a few impressions . . .

TRAVELING ALONG from Portland, I noticed that roadside picnic sites had been springing up like mushrooms since my last journey over the highways. There is a new one directly opposite Perry Greene's Chinook Kennels at Waldoboro. There is another I recall particularly which overlooks Penobscot Bay in Searsport at one of

the more scenic spots along Route One. This one is not far from Kob's Lobster Pound . . . a chance to enjoy piping hot lobsters outdoors, the best place in the world to eat them.

Bath is always an interesting place to stop and stretch your legs. Usually there is a destroyer or two on the ways or in the water at the Bath Iron Works . . . In Damariscotta, where the Indian oyster shell heaps are located on the banks of the Sheepscot River, I stopped at the attractive County Fair Restaurant. Here is good food served in a pleasant atmosphere, and best of all, at reasonable prices . . . In Thomaston, the State Prison Showroom is open daily from nine in the morning to seven at night and just beyond, is Montpelier, the beautiful reproduction of the home of General Henry Knox. This imposing mansion is open to visitors from ten to six daily. In Thomaston also is New England's only cement mill, the Dragon Cement Company, which this year is celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary. If you would like to see cement being made, you are welcome to visit here too.

NEXT STOP Rockland. A busy town always, with its fishing industries, its



annual Seafoods Festival, to be held this year from July 31 to August 2, and home of the Van Baalen Heilbrun "State o' Maine Bathrobes and Rainwear."

Rockland suffered a very disastrous fire in its business section last winter. There are now gaping holes where buildings once stood. But there is a view now of the harbor where formerly it was obstructed by buildings. I'm another of those people forever in a rush to get "somewhere else," and I do enjoy this glimpse of the waterfront and harbor because before I seldom took the time to go around those buildings!

Most through travelers now take the new route which by-passes the lovely little town of Rockport going into Camden. I may be in a perpetual hurry, but I have a strong aversion to cut-offs that more often than not go straight through the woods and fields. Rockport has a new bridge, to replace the somewhat ancient one which crossed Goose River, and I always enjoy seeing that beautiful landscaped harbor, a gift of Mrs. Mary Louise Zimbalist.

On this "old" route after leaving Rockport is the big wooden gate which proclaims that you are "Entering Camden." I don't know just how old that gate is, but I do recall it as being a special landmark or milestone in journeys down the Coast during my "growing up" days . . . Camden is another lovely town that hides some of its beauties from the motorist hurrying through. To be sure, he does notice the hanging pots filled with summer flowers on all the lamp posts, but is very likely to miss the unforgettable perfection of the Bok Amphitheatre, another project of Mrs. Zimbalist, which is just off the main route—a scenic setting for Shakespearean Festivals held each summer. Just across the street, green lawns slope down to Camden's bustling little harbor with fishing boats, pleasure yachts, and the famous sailing schooners at the docks being readied for a cruise down Penobscot Bay.

ROLLING ALONG again, I soon came to Lincolnville Beach just as the new Diesel powered Islesboro Ferry, the

"Governor Brann," slid in to the dock to discharge its cargo of automobiles and to swallow up more that have been awaiting its arrival patiently. If you have never been to Islesboro, it is a short but enchanting trip on a day when the sky is blue and the water a deeper reflection of the same color. It is exciting too when the tide is low and the cars have to make a quick powerful spurt to climb the ramp from the ferry to the dock at practically a 90 degree angle!

Islesboro is the largest of the islands in Penobscot Bay. It is only thirteen miles long, but it has more than forty miles of improved roads. At Dark Harbor, there is one of the finest natural swimming pools on the Atlantic Coast, the sun warmed waters controlled in their ebb and flow by tide gates.

Just outside Belfast, a town like many others along the Coast of beautiful mansions once owned by sea captains and ship owners, I stopped at an attractive little restaurant overlooking the Bay called the "Snack Bar." You can get a "lobsterburger" there that is chock full of meat fresh from the sea, or you can get a full course meal with homemade pies that melt in your mouth.

At the approach to the Waldo-Hancock Bridge stands Fort Knox, a massive structure of Mt. Waldo granite. From this spot there is one of the most beautiful views on the Penobscot River, a river which now winds peacefully towards the sea but was once a teeming artery of commerce. The Penobscot River Region is rich in nautical history. Some of this has been recorded but much has gone with the last of its sea captains.

BUCKSPORT, beyond the bridge and past Verona Island, is the home of the famous Jed Prouty Tavern. I wandered around the town a bit, and being a gift shop enthusiast, was drawn like a magnet to a sign which said "Pilot House Gift Shop." You go in through a hardware store and way out in back, practically hanging over the river, is a sunlit room with large windows facing the water that formerly was a retired sea captain's office. There is a monstrous fireplace



*I would liked to have gone over the long bridge to Deer Isle.*

---

with the captain's initials carved in the wood beneath the mantel, and I was told that before the gift shop took over, there had been a large teak-wood table in the center of the room. Here the old seafarer and his cronies played cards while he kept a watchful eye on his dock workers outside! Oh yes, sea captains never actually retire—they just go into some other line of business once their ocean going days are over!

OF COURSE, no trip down the Coast of Maine is complete without taking the time to visit Mount Desert Island. I would have liked, too, to see lovely Castine again and watched the boys once more catching fish from the town wharf within sight of the Maritime Academy's training ship. I would liked to have gone down to Penobscot and Brooklin, to Stonington and Deer Isle but—another time. Meanwhile, Washington County was not getting much

nearer! My present itinerary included Bar Harbor, Acadia National Park, and Mount Cadillac.

During the years that I have been traveling to other parts of the world, they have built a road to the summit of Mt. Cadillac—a road that winds gradually and effortlessly up the mountain with breath-taking views all the way. That the road was an engineering feat I've always known—but no one ever told me that its surface was of *pink* granite!

The history of Bar Harbor as a world-renowned resort is an interesting one. After the Civil War, many people began to learn of the great beauty of this region. Although steamers did not come until 1868 and the nearest railroad station was Bangor, 50 miles away—with a rough road between—the summer population began to grow by leaps and bounds. The cottages of the native population were soon filled to overflowing,

and within the space of a very few years they expanded and became inns; but to this day they are still known as cottages. It was an outdoor life, casual and free, but as time went on, land was bought up and summer homes were built. Life of a new kind began, one patterned after that of formal society, and the informality of the early days gradually passed. It was from this beginning that the idea of a national park was born to preserve the beauty and freedom of the island for all the people in the years to come. Originally known as Lafayette National Park, it was the first national park east of the Mississippi.

In the park, I stopped to see the Sieur de Monts Spring where I had picnicked as a child, and nearby, the Abbe Museum of Archaeology which contains relics of the Stone Age period of Indian culture in this region. It is open seven days a week during July and August.

I could not see it all in the time that was mine, but I did manage a quick ride along the majestic Ocean Drive through the pretty town of Seal Harbor, through Northeast Harbor with its beautiful homes and resort hotels, and then up Sargent Drive along Somes Sound, the only natural fjord in the United States.

Much has been written about Mt. Desert Island, called the "most beautiful isle in the world." The rest I leave up to you—to discover for yourself its enchantment—whether you are a student of geology, a photographer, a collector of minerals, a lover of nature, or just plain sightseer.

There are many fine places to stay on the Island, to suit every purse. This time I chose the elegance of the new Hotel Bar Harbor—just because it was my birthday—and woke in the morning to a view of sparkling water and the pine quilled Porcupine Islands.

LEAVING MOUNT DESERT, the next peninsula is Schoodic with its seaside town of Winter Harbor. Here on Schoodic is another, less publicized part of Acadia National Park where the rock-bound coast of Maine may be seen at its most rugged. I traveled down another pink granite highway

to Schoodic Point, back of which a magnificent headland rises to over 400 feet in height. Eastward is an unbroken view into the entrance of the Bay of Fundy, southward a broad expanse of ocean, and westward across the entrance of Frenchman's Bay to the Mt. Desert Mountains in Acadia National Park. A memorial stone stands guard over the wave-lashed shore here, in honor of John Godfrey Moore (1848-1899) who once owned Schoodic Peninsula. It was he who built the first road through it, and he lived to see it opened to the public in 1897. This road is now maintained by the Acadia National Park.

On Schoodic, I saw that lovely pink granite in its native state. In fact, I saw literally thousands of tons of it! Then the highway brings you abruptly to Prospect Harbor, another village at the water's edge and a photographer's dream for that typical Maine scene showing lobster pots, traps, fishing gear of all sorts until I began to wonder if all the fish in the sea were not caught in that one little town.

ALL ALONG the highway for miles back, I had been seeing the sign "Flea Market" with an arrow pointing straight ahead. It became an obsession to reach that particular attraction, and when I finally did see a sign which pointed *off* the road, it was such a surprise that I sped right by. The Flea Market, named after the flea markets of Paris, is at Gouldsboro, and it is run by Mrs. Milton Young whose husband is a retired Naval officer. If you like antiques or anything that is a bit out of the ordinary, be sure to stop in and visit Mrs. Young. I remarked to her that it must be rather lonely there in the winter, but she assured me that life was never dull, winter or summer. There is a naval station nearby on Schoodic Peninsula, they keep busy with their children and their stock, and winters they often travel abroad where she picks up the articles that make her collection unusual.

Leaving Gouldsboro I soon found myself back on Route One and entering Washington County. In Washington County there are many miles of





*To me it was new country and a sense of adventure went singing through my veins.*

---

excellent highway, and doubtless thousands upon thousands of people have traveled those roads. But to me, it was new country and a sense of adventure went singing through my veins. Although the path ahead was well worn and well marked, no one had gone this way before!

All through this section, I noticed lovely old churches, always painted white in the New England style, and nearly always with a graceful spire or sturdy belfry. I remember especially the churches in Steuben, East Machias, and Dennysville.

No trip "downeast" would be complete without exploring some of the "offshoot" routes which lead to the sea communities such as Jonesport, Lubec and Eastport.

AT JONESPORT, a thriving town noted for its industries of the ocean, and for the only twine and netting business in this part of the state, I stopped for an ice cream cone and strolled down to a nearby wharf. There below, the ferry to Beals Island was just leaving the shore. How sorry I was that I had forgotten to load my camera. To me it was an interesting picture—the ferry, a stout raft propelled by twin fishing boats, one lashed to each side. Each took its turn, depending on whether the going was to the left or right, or straight ahead. Perhaps it wasn't so modern a method of crossing water as by a

Diesel powered streamlined craft, but surely just as dependable. Beals Island, I recalled, was the village that achieved considerable fame this past winter by winning the State Small Schools Basketball Tournament.

Driving into Lubec, a town of beautiful views of ocean and islands, I had the feeling that here was a pleasant place to live. This community, which lays claim to being the easternmost town in the United States, has a freshly laundered appearance—it seems to be a contented and a prosperous town.

Back to the main route again, and it was time to eat and find a bed for the night. Dennysville seemed like a good stopping place. I had heard of the Dennys River Inn on the banks of the Dennys River where the coveted Atlantic salmon abound. To my dismay, there were no rooms available, but the friendly hosts, the Godfreys, made arrangements for me to stay down the road at the historic Lincoln House. The Godfreys came to Maine from Massachusetts. Their inn is operated in a homelike, informal manner, and their food is excellent.

At the Lincoln House I received a very cordial reception from Mrs. Dorothy Casey who is a transplanted New Yorker. This is a beautiful old house which was built in 1787. It was the first two story house in the town of Dennysville where, as time went on, many lovely homes were built overlooking the river. Dennysville at

## GOLF

**June 17-19:** Maine Interscholastic and Junior Championships. (Qualifying rounds, June 6 at: Augusta Country Club, Penobscot Valley Country Club, Riverside Golf Course, Portland and Waterville Country Club.)

**July 7-10:** Maine Amateur Championships, Penobscot Valley Country Club, Bangor.

**Aug. 3-6:** Maine Women's Golf Championships, Riverside Golf Course, Portland.

**Aug. 16:** Tri-State Matches, Augusta Country Club.

**Aug. 13-14:** Maine Open, Augusta Country Club.

**Aug. 15:** Caddie Fund Tournament, All Maine Courses.

**Aug. 22-23:** Rangeley Combination Tournament, Hotel Course, Rangeley.

## SPORTING EVENTS

**May 15-Sept. 7:** Season-long Salt Water Fishing Derby, Orr's and Bailey's Islands.

**July 17-19:** Maine State Trap Championships, Waterville.

**July 19:** Maine State Small Bore Rifle Championships, Damariscotta.

**July 19:** 7th Annual Field Day, Quoddy Rod and Gun Club, Perry.

**Aug. 2:** State Field Archery Championship Tournament, Gardiner.

**Aug. 9:** Junior Fishing Derby, Megunticook Lake, Camden.

**Aug. 22:** Deep Sea Fishing Rodeo for Boys and Girls, South Portland.

**Aug. 22-23:** State Archery Target Championships, Portland.

**Sept. 5-6:** Labor Day Shoot, Damariscotta.

**Sept. 12-13:** New England Field Championship Archery Tournament, Auburn.

## OUTBOARD RACING

**July 4:** Outboard Marathon, Orr's and Bailey's Islands.

**July 4:** Outboard Marathon, Winnecook Lake, Unity.

**July 5:** Cobbossecontee Lake, East Winthrop.

**July 12:** Lions Club Regatta, Maranacook Lake, Winthrop.

**July 19:** China Lake, China.

**July 26:** Annual Outboard Regatta, Pleasant Pond, Gardiner.

**Aug. 2:** Maine Seafoods Festival, Rockland.

**Aug. 9:** Echo Lake, Southwest Harbor.

**Aug. 16:** Damariscotta Lake, Jefferson.

**Aug. 23:** Penobscot River, Bangor.

**Aug. 30:** Wilson Lake, Wilton.

**Sept. 6:** Winnecook Lake, Unity.

**Sept. 7:** Silver Lake, Bucksport.

## YACHT RACES

**July 4, 5, 11, 18, 25:** Orr's and Bailey's Islands.

**July 21:** Junior Races, Camden-Bucks Harbor at Camden.

**Aug. 13-14:** All Maine Finals, Adams Cup for Women Sailors, Camden.

**Aug. 15-16:** Annual Portland-Monhegan Races, Portland Yacht Club.

**Sept. 4:** Parents Race, Camden.

**All Season:** Weekly Racing at Casco Bay, Boothbay Harbor, Camden, Bucks Harbor, Bar Harbor, Southwest Harbor and Northeast Harbor.

## HORSE RACING

(Runners)

(Pari-Mutuel Betting)

**July 4:** Scarborough Downs (Afternoon)

**July 11:** Scarborough Downs (Night)

**July 13-thru Labor Day:** Scarborough Downs (Nights)

## HORSE RACING

(Sulkies)

(Pari-Mutuel Betting)

**June 15-July 11:** Gorham (Night).

**July 13-18:** Lewiston (Tentative).

**July 18-Aug. 8:** Bangor (Night).

**Aug. 10-15:** Presque Isle Fair.

**Aug. 17-22:** Skowhegan Fair.

**Aug. 24-29:** Union Fair.

**Aug. 31-Sept. 7:** Windsor Fair.

**Sept. 7-12:** Lewiston Fair.

**Sept. 14-19:** Norway-South Paris Fair.

**Sept. 21-26:** Farmington Fair.

**Sept. 28-Oct. 3:** Cumberland Fair.

Oct. 5-10: Fryeburg Fair.  
 Oct. 5-10: New Gloucester Fair.  
 Oct. 12-17: Topsham Fair.  
 Oct. 19-Nov. 7: Late Overcoat  
 Meets—Locations to be announced.

## MAINE FAIRS

Aug. 2-8: Bangor Fair, Bangor.  
 Aug. 10-15: Northern Maine Fair,  
 Presque Isle.  
 Aug. 15-22: Skowhegan State  
 Fair, Skowhegan.  
 Aug. 21-22: East Pittston Agric.  
 Fair, East Pittston.  
 Aug. 25-29: Knox Agric. Fair,  
 Union.  
 Aug. 29: Piscataquis Valley Fair,  
 Dover-Foxcroft.  
 Aug. 29: Honesty Grange Fair,  
 Morrill.  
 Sept. 1-3: West Washington Agri-  
 cultural Fair, Cherryfield.  
 Sept. 2-7: South Kennebec Agric.  
 Fair, Windsor.  
 Sept. 5-7: Hancock County Agric.  
 Fair, Blue Hill.  
 Sept. 5-7: North Penobscot Agric.  
 Fair, Springfield.  
 Sept. 10-12: York County Agric.  
 Fair, Acton.  
 Sept. 11-12: Litchfield Farmers'  
 Club, Litchfield.  
 Sept. 7-12: Maine State Fair,  
 Lewiston.  
 Sept. 12: Guilford Fair, Guilford.  
 Sept. 14-19: Oxford County Agric.  
 Fair, Norway.  
 Sept. 15-19: Washington County  
 Agric. Fair, Machias.  
 Sept. 22-26: Franklin County  
 Agric. Fair, Farmington.  
 Sept. 25-26: Cochenewagan Agric.  
 Fair, Monmouth.  
 Sept. 26: Readfield Grange Fair,  
 Readfield.  
 Sept. 28-Oct. 3: Cumberland  
 Farmers' Club Fair, West Cumber-  
 land.  
 Oct. 2-3: World's Fair, North  
 Waterford.  
 Oct. 5-10: Androscoggin Agricul-  
 tural Fair, New Gloucester.  
 Oct. 5-10: West Oxford Agricul-  
 tural Fair, Fryeburg.  
 Oct. 13-15: Sagadahoc Agricul-  
 tural & Horticultural Fair, Topsham.

## SUMMER THEATRES

ARUNDEL OPERA THEATRE  
 KENNEBUNK  
 BAR HARBOR PLAYHOUSE  
 BAR HARBOR  
 BOOTHBAY PLAYHOUSE  
 BOOTHBAY  
 CAMDEN HILLS THEATRE  
 CAMDEN  
 GILBERT AND SULLIVAN  
 FESTIVAL THEATRE  
 MONMOUTH  
 KENNEBUNKPORT PLAYHOUSE  
 KENNEBUNKPORT  
 LAKEWOOD THEATRE  
 LAKEWOOD  
 OGUNQUIT PLAYHOUSE  
 OGUNQUIT  
 OLD ORCHARD BEACH  
 PLAYHOUSE  
 OLD ORCHARD BEACH  
 SURRY PLAYHOUSE  
 SURRY

## MAINE HISTORICAL AND ART MUSEUMS

ABBE MUSEUM OF  
 ARCHAEOLOGY  
 Acadia National Park  
 ANDROSCOGGIN COUNTY  
 HISTORICAL COLLECTION  
 Auburn  
 AROOSTOOK HISTORICAL  
 MUSEUM  
 Houlton  
 BANGOR HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
 COLLECTION  
 Bangor  
 BAXTER MUSEUM  
 Gorham  
 BRICK STORE MUSEUM  
 Kennebunk  
 CARNEGIE HALL ART MUSEUM  
 University of Maine, Orono  
 EASTERN PENOBSCOT  
 ARCHIVES MUSEUM  
 Stonington  
 FARNSWORTH ART MUSEUM  
 Rockland  
 FORT WESTERN  
 Augusta  
 FORT WILLIAM HENRY  
 Pemaquid  
 GOOD WILL FARM MUSEUMS  
 Hinckley

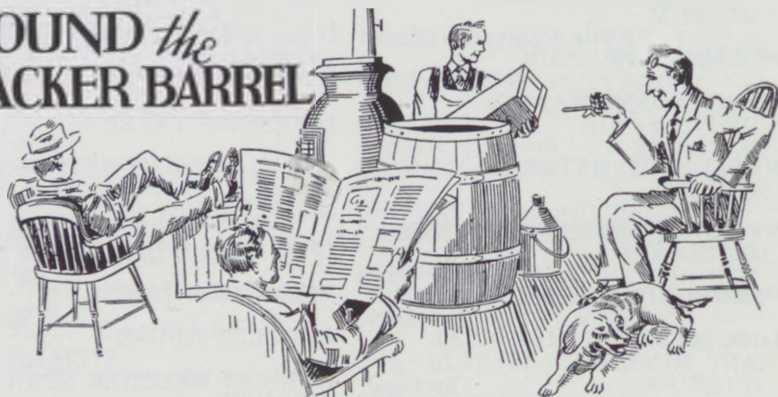


ISLESFORD HISTORICAL MUSEUM		BLACK MANSION	
	Little Cranberry Island	OLD GERMAN MEETING HOUSE	Ellsworth
ISLESBORO MUSEUM			Bremen
	Islesboro	HISTORIC HOUSE	
MAINE COAST MARINE DISPLAY		JEFFERD'S TAVERN	Skowhegan
	Boothbay Harbor	SARAH ORNE JEWETT HOUSE	York Village
MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY			South Berwick
	Portland	MONTPELIER	
NYLANDER ROCK COLLECTION DISPLAY		LILLIAN NORDICA HOME	Thomaston
	Caribou		Farmington
PENOBSCOT MARINE MUSEUM		REDINGTON HOUSE	
	Searsport		Waterville
L. D. M. SWEAT MEMORIAL ART MUSEUM		RUGGLES HOUSE	Columbia Falls
	Portland	HARRIET BEECHER STOWE HOUSE	
WALKER ART MUSEUM			Brunswick
	Bowdoin College, Brunswick	TATE HOUSE	
WILSON MUSEUM			Portland
	Castine	VICTORIA MANSION	
OLD YORK GAOL			Portland
	York	WADSWORTH-LONGFELLOW HOME	
YORK INSTITUTE MUSEUM			Portland
	Saco		



During the first half of 1953, Maine has been the recipient of a greater amount and more varied national recognition in the form of magazine feature stories than during any previous comparable period. These feature stories include the following: The Bradbury Lumber Company, Hollis Center—Fortune Magazine, February; Fred C. Greaves, Town Manager of Aroostook County—The Saturday Evening Post, February; The McCobb Mansion, Rockport—Ladies Home Journal, March; The Mystery of Lucy Farnsworth, Rockland—Saturday Evening Post, May; The Pride of Mayflower Hill, Colby College, Waterville—Post, May; Vacations off the Beaten Path, Better Homes and Gardens, May; Meals for Men—True Magazine, June; Night on the Town, Bangor—Good Housekeeping Magazine, June; Fishing—Aroostook, Moosehead and Rangeley—Esquire, June; Address Unknown—Outdoor Life, June; L. L. Bean—Coronet, June; Cruising the Maine Coast—Holiday, August and Artist Andrew Wyeth, Waldoboro—Life, July.

# AROUND *the* CRACKER BARREL



By RUTH HARVEY

**S**UMMERTIME AND MAINE are practically synonymous. Here in the Pine Tree State, we never would contemplate leaving our cool green lake and mountain country or our salty breeze-swept shores except in case of sheer necessity. Away, in Hacksack and Hagerstown, from Madison Avenue to Michigan Boulevard, people are dreaming wistfully of summertime in Maine. (P. S. I hope all your dreams come true—the latchstring is out for you!)

Even here in Maine, we have to work sometimes, and while I'm sitting here toying with the typewriter keys—bemoaning the wonderful tan I could be acquiring—pages and pages of notes are begging to be reported on.

## STATE SOCIETIES

FIRST OF all, I'd like to tell a bit about the Pasadena (California) State of Maine Association which celebrated its 48th Anniversary this Spring. Ever since undertaking preparation of the "Cracker Barrel" column, I have personally lamented the fact that we had received no news items from the Pasadena group for some time. I finally addressed a letter to Mrs. A. B. Fernald whose name was in some old files as secretary of the club. Mrs. Fernald, who is now first vice-president, very kindly sent me a few highlights of the Associa-

tion's activities during the past year. Eight regular dinner meetings were held on the 4th Wednesday of each month. Customary feature on the menu were Maine grown yellow-eye baked beans and brown bread. Incidentally, the beans are shipped from Bangor, and sufficient quantities are ordered that members may purchase two pound sacks to take home. (Am I out of order here if I remind the California Maine-iacs that we here in the Pine Tree State still say "bags"—not "sacks"!)

The 48th anniversary of the founding of the Pasadena Association was celebrated on the evening of April 22. Beautifully decorated tables were arranged banquet style and following the usual dinner, a huge birthday cake, ornamented with a replica of the map of the State of Maine and a large red lobster, was served to the 125 present. Mrs. Lester Lander, a past president, cut the first piece of cake. Past presidents were honored and each given a corsage. Honorary Life Memberships were presented by President Charles E. Hicks to Mr. and Mrs. Leon Verrill, Mrs. Addie Chamberlain, Mrs. Lester Lander, and Miss Clara Luce.

ELECTED officers and chairmen of standing committees for the year 1953-54 were: President, Charles Hicks;

First Vice President, Editor of "Flyer," and Press Chairman, Mrs. A. B. Fernald; Second Vice President and Program Chairman, Marshall Fields; Secretary, Mrs. Preston B. Lawlis; Financial Secretary, Mrs. Clarence Kimball; Treasurer, Mrs. J. S. Edgecomb; Auditor of Finance, Bertram Lamphier; Technical, Robert Fernald; Dining Room, Mrs. Verne Kelsey; Tickets, Harold Currier; Visiting and Sunshine, Mr. and Mrs. John Meader; Buyer, A. B. Fernald; Philanthropy, Mrs. Donald Garnett; Historian, Mrs. Bertram Lamphier; and Reception, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Wilbur.

During the summer months, the Association holds pot-luck dinners followed by canasta. The Annual Picnic will be held Saturday, August 22, at Jefferson Recreation Park in Pasadena.

THE PASADENA MAINE ASSOCIATION meets in the Altadena Masonic Hall at 922 E. Mendocino Street, and former residents of Maine, their families and friends are cordially invited. If you would like to know more about the group, just get in touch with the president, Mr. Hicks, at 1277½ E. 38th Street, Los Angeles, 37; or with the vice president, Mrs. Fernald, 2425 Cumberland Road, San Marino, 9.

Back East again, at the 50th Spring Membership Dinner of the Maine Society of New York, held at historic Fraunces Tavern on May 30th, Frank Burns of Bronxville and Damariscotta was elected president. Other officers elected were Eugene A. Buzzell, Forest Hills and Winterport, vice president; and Herbert M. Lord of Greenwich, Conn. and Rockland, secretary-treasurer.

Announcement was made of the winners in the Club's annual Essay Contest which is open to students of high schools, academies, and seminaries in the State. First prize of \$100 went to Mark Kapiloff of Belfast, a senior at Crosby High School, for his essay entitled "Maine's Contribution to the Nation." The \$50 second prize was awarded to John H. Whelton, a Portland High School senior, for his essay, "Maine's Future." Third prize winner of \$25 was

Dale Williams of Waite, a senior at Princeton High, also writing on "Maine's Future." The Club voted to continue this contest another year, and also will sponsor a "Good Citizenship Award" annually to be given to the person who has done the most for Maine.

Entertainment at the dinner meeting was furnished by singer Lloyd Knight of Limerick who appears regularly on popular television shows, and by Aura Coburn and Phil Boughton who told humorous Maine stories.

ALSO IN NEW YORK, the Maine Women's Club celebrated its Fiftieth Anniversary on March 14 with a luncheon at Nancy Lord's Restaurant in New York City. About 65 members were present. The tables were decorated with yellow daffodils, attractive gold color menus and mint baskets. Three new members were welcomed into the Club: Miss Erva Giles of Ellsworth, honorary member; and Mrs. Berniece Murphy Taggart of Portage and Mrs. Barbara Fossett Fish of Round Pond as active members.

At its meeting on May 8th, the same group elected the following officers for the coming year: President, Miss Effie Inez Wing from Quaker Ridge, South Leeds; First Vice President, Miss Mary A. Gilman of Dover-Foxcroft; Second Vice President, Miss Ruth E. Carll of Gorham; Recording Secretary, Mrs. John M. Byerkle of Bar Harbor; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Conrad F. Nelson, Rockland; Treasurer, Miss Edna C. Hariman, Bar Harbor; Assistant Treasurer, Mrs. Ralph G. Stone of Harrington; Auditor, Miss Abigail Harriman of Orland. Miss Isabel Whittier of Brunswick will be chairman of the Press.

The new President, Miss Wing, served for two years as Chairman of the Press, and during the last two years has been Corresponding Secretary. She is a graduate of Maine State Normal School at Castine and received her BS and MA degrees from Columbia University. She is a member of the Eastern Star in Monmouth, Maine, of the College Club of Jersey City, of the American As-



sociation of University Women, and of the Business and Professional Women's Club of Riverside Church in New York.

DOWN IN WASHINGTON on April 8th, Senator Margaret Chase Smith held "Open House" in her office following a reception in the Senate Office Building for Maine's Cherry Blossom Princess, Elizabeth Ann Blanchard of Westbrook. Members of the Maine Society of Washington provided refreshments for this occasion.

The annual Spring Picnic of the Maine State Society of Washington was announced by President Clifford G. McIntire on May 21st, to be held at the Palisades Recreation Center on May 31st. Baked beans, brown bread, and coffee were to be furnished by the Society. Although I have had no reports, the picnic should have been a great success if the weather in Washington, D. C. was as perfect that day as it was in Washington County, Maine!

## IN THE NEWS

EVERY ONCE in a while, someone writes to the Maine Publicity Bureau inquiring about the "sauna" or Finnish steam bath. Our authority on this subject, or for that matter on anything else having to do with Maine's large Finnish colonies, is Frank W. Bjorklund, a practicing attorney at Norway who is also Honorary Vice Consul of Finland for Northern New England. On April 24, Mr. Bjorklund was honored at a reception in the Hotel Stone at Norway and was awarded Finland's oldest civilian order by the Finnish Vice Consul Ake Backstrom. Mr. Bjorklund was presented the order of the Knighthood of the Finnish White Rose for "meritorious service for Finland, especially during the war." This decoration is bestowed by order of the President of Finland, Juho Paasikivi.

Nationally, two other Maine men have been in the news of late. Ex-Governor Horace A. Hildreth, who went on to be president of Bucknell University, was appointed United States Ambassador to Pakistan in

May; and Raymond H. Fogler, president of W. T. Grant Company, a graduate of the University of Maine in 1915, and one of the State's most active supporters and boosters, was recently named an aide to the Secretary of the Navy.

Future Maine citizens, too, have been winning recognition outside their native State. A Bates College senior has just won the 1953 Essay Contest of the Atlantic Monthly Magazine over 250 other contestants. He is Warren Hasty Carroll of South Berwick, son of Professor Herbert Carroll, head of the psychology department at the University of New Hampshire, and of Gladys Hasty Carroll who wrote the best selling novel, "As the Earth Turns," some years ago. In addition to the prize winning essay, two other students of the advanced composition class at Bates wrote essays that placed in the top twenty; and two more placed among the first forty. A great deal of credit for this admirable achievement should go to Professor Robert G. Berkelman who teaches the class.

Another Maine youngster, Nancy E. Eugley, a senior at Waldoboro High School, was named on June 6th Northeastern regional winner of a farm electrification radio script writing contest among Future Homemakers of America. She had previously won the Maine contest, sponsored by Maine electric utilities companies last March, and went on to win over others from New York, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Pennsylvania. A \$200 scholarship will be presented Nancy in an all-expense trip to radio station WGY, Schenectady, New York, sponsor of the regional contest. Nancy plans to enter Farmington State Teachers College next Fall.

## WHAT'S NEW

THE 1953 EDITION of "Handcraft Trails in Maine" has been published and is being distributed at all the offices of the Maine Publicity Bureau. "Handcraft Trails in Maine" is sponsored by one of Maine's craft organizations, The Maine Coast Crafts-

men. If you are interested in the craft work of Maine's artisans, I might suggest that you write for a copy of this folder before your trip to Maine this summer. Or better still, stop at the beautiful Maine Information Center at Kittery for a copy and see the permanent exhibition of Maine crafts and decorative arts which is on display in the lobby. The building (just in case you had forgotten!) is at the junction of Route One and the Maine Turnpike as you come in to the Pine Tree State. In addition to the crafts display, you will see there, also, a large exhibit of Maine-manufactured products of every description in the specially designed exhibition wing of the building.

Speaking of Maine products reminds me of the gift shop opened last year by Lawrence Stroh in Strawberry Park on the beach at Pine Point. You might like to stop in and see Mr. Stroh, who wholesales as well as retails. Ask him about his colorful ceramic tiles with the Maine maps, and the trivets in black, mahogany or natural wood which give an added distinction to the tile.

Here's good news for the clothes-conscious woman. Now you can have those famous Hathaway shirts made in Maine of cloth searched for in exotic and far-away places of the world. No longer will you have to cast envious eyes on the lucky male who has been wearing them for years, because Hathaway is making them for you too! I'm saving my pennies for one right now. There is a good selection here in Portland at Porteous, Mitchell and Braun, or I'm sure the Hathaway Company at Waterville will tell you where else.

## NORDICA

ON JUNE 17TH, Open House festivities were held at the Lillian Nordica Homestead in Farmington under sponsorship of the Farmington Business and Professional Women's Club. Window displays in Farmington during the week preceding the observance featured personal possessions of the Maine-born girl who, with only her exceptional voice and ambition,

plus the help of her courageous mother, won for herself a place among the world's musical great in the years before American talent was recognized in Europe. She is considered by many music critics as the greatest American singer of her time.

In 1927, the Nordica Memorial Association was founded to perpetuate the memory of Lillian Nordica who died on a world concert tour in 1914 at Batavia, Java. The first major project of the Association was the purchase of her home in Farmington and, subsequently, to open it to the public. In the intervening years, they have discovered and purchased a large collection of personal effects associated with her life and her career. Ultimately, the Association hopes to have a fireproof museum in which to house these irreplaceable articles, and they are actively trying to achieve that goal now.

## NEW BOOKS

LATEST in the list of books about Maine is "Katahdin Fantasies" by Marion Whitney Smith of Millinocket (Millinocket Press, \$1.50). It is a collection of stories based on old Indian legends. In her foreword, Mrs. Smith says: "Living in the shadow of Katahdin and watching its various moods as the seasons come and go, it is impossible to remain unimpressed by its majestic grandeur. Sometimes the mountain seems close and friendly. At other times it seems distant and aloof . . . the Red Men ascribed human traits to the character of the mountain, and variously peopled it with both good and evil spirits. The . . . fantasies are based upon the old Indian legends which go back in history long before the Revolutionary War . . . tales of those spirits who 'inhabit' Mt. Katahdin."

Another book just published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston, is "One Million Islands for Sale," by Robert Froman. This book tells where to look for your own dream island among the more than million along the coast and in the lakes and rivers of the United States and Canada. There are two chapters devoted to New England, one on coastal islands



*Sebago Lake Islands listed in Froman's "One Million Islands for Sale."*

and one on lake islands, both of which contain sections specifically on Maine.

About to be published by Doubleday & Company is **"The Seventh Sense,"** a sequel to **"Henry Gross and His Dowsing Rod,"** by Kenneth Roberts. Admirers of the incomparable Mr. Roberts will enjoy this detailed but highly readable account of the activities of Water Unlimited, Inc., the business which grew from the talent of Henry Gross of Biddeford for finding water where none had been located before.

**"Little Stories,"** by the late Guy Irving Waltz, is a collection of the

last poems of a man who dearly loved his home State, Maine. The booklet, published by the Waldoboro Press, was made possible by the diligent work of his friends around Waldoboro who assembled his last manuscripts and caused them to be published in tribute to his memory. The booklet may be purchased for only fifty-cents from the Waldoboro Press.

Another book of Maine poems assembled by Jean Langille Rutherford of Five Islands is just out. The booklet, entitled, **"Soothing Sounds and Other Poems"** is printed at the Guerin Printing Company at Bath.

See You Soon, in Maine?

Ruth Noble of the Berkshire Publishing Company has just published her 1954 Maine Engagement Calendar. This excellent picture calendar contains striking scenic views and historic houses from York County to Down-east Maine. The calendar is made up in both the regular and the de-luxe, boxed, editions.



# Minstrelsy of Maine

Edited by DAN KELLY

Editor of AS MAINE WRITES: An Anthology of the Poetry Fellowship of Maine, and REED: A Magazine of Maine Poetry.

POEMS, to be eligible for consideration for this Department, should be about Maine or of particular interest to lovers of Maine. While at least minimum standards of craftsmanship will be required, selections will be made on the basis of *reader interest*, rather than critical perfection. Only previously unpublished poems should be submitted. All submissions should be sent directly to DAN KELLY, Editor, Minstrelsy of Maine Department, 48 Water Street, Hallowell, Maine; and should be accompanied by the usual stamped, self-addressed envelope for return of the material if not found available.

## marginalia

INSPIRATION vs. perspiration . . . . a time-worn argument arising phoenix-like before each new writer. It's been pretty well established by now that perspiration is what pays off. Dogged determination, stick-to-it-ness, hard labor, mastering the craft and plain everyday sweat-of-the-brow placing one word after another, these are the tenets of the drudging dogma of writing.

These are the hard facts on which the starry-eyed writer stumbles. But in recognizing the stones which make the path so rough let's not lose sight of the stars which make it refreshing. Inspiration there is, whether it be 2% or 98%, and it must be given its due. I'm not inclined to the mystic view that inspiration comes entirely from *without* (this is the lazy mind's excuse) nor am I convinced that inspiration comes entirely from *within* and that it's just a question of stimuli triggering certain synapses (this is the mediocre mind's alibi).

Inspiration, to me, is more probably a combination of the two, plus other known and unknown factors. Furthermore, I do not agree with

those who say that inspiration can be shackled and made to perform at beck and call. I will agree that more or less ideal conditions can be set up wherein inspiration is more apt to function, but I don't think that it can be summoned automatically at any time of day or night and made to perform like Aladdin's lamp.

If inspiration were simply a matter of analysis and equation then a mechanical computer could be designed that would produce nothing but inspired works regularly and monotonously. Cybernetics is performing wonders these days, but if it creates the perfect robot-writer mortal writers will have to eat their words for they'll have precious else to eat.

\* \* \*

## INSPIRATION

His reach exceeded grasp by far  
And he stubbed his toe upon a star.

Dan Kelley  
Book End  
Augusta, Maine

## Enoch's Chair

Cornessa would polish the old man's  
chair  
Until the wood shone dark as wine;  
It gleamed by day and made star-  
shine;  
The last bright russet on Autumn's  
vine  
Never could rival old Enoch's chair.

Cornessa found it lovely labor,  
Smiled at the scorn of Jane, her  
neighbor.  
Said Jane, "Why bother to shine the  
chair?  
He never sees it." Enoch was blind,  
But Cornessa polished and loved her  
work,  
And Enoch knew shine of an inward  
kind.

ROSEMARY CLIFFORD TROTT

## Candid

He sits and rocks the day around him-  
self,  
Winding centuries and seconds into  
the common skein  
Of time; the warp and woof of history  
Is woven in the fabric of this flesh,  
Memory encapsulated by an ancient  
skull.  
He sits and rocks the seasons into  
years,  
The flight of birds, the sound of grass,  
Revolve themselves within the convo-  
lutions of his brain,  
The fading lenses of his eyes filter-  
ing the light and shade,  
The essence that is now,  
Daguerreotyped.  
He sits and rocks today into eternity,  
The shutters of his senses clicking  
futilely.  
Too soon, too soon, these pictures will  
be laid aside,  
The album closed and put away.

T. S. STONE

## Remembrance

Hark to the night wind's murmur  
Sighing in the lonely trees;  
Listen to her restless whispering  
And think of me.

Look to the golden moonbeams  
Painting pathways on the sea;  
Watch for Orion's rising  
Remembering me.

WINIFRED G. BLANCHARD

## Green

To watch the spill  
of chlorophyll,  
to hear the sound  
of grass in ground,  
to taste the clean  
bright taste of green,  
to smell the scent  
of spring's advent,  
to feel the blaze  
of emerald days;  
these patterns are  
my own north star.  
And when I stand  
on springling land  
I know within,  
through mind and skin,  
I've never seen  
a day so green.

N. KAY DELL

## Elizabeth

She walked fluently,  
on coarse grass;  
Hay rubble was struck  
with gold.  
She walked wearily  
and free,  
Worn and strong: there  
is something  
Very good—and very  
rich,  
About plain people  
and the grass.

ELEANOR D. COLE

## Hill Home

The sun at last had reached the western window

And now, on braided rug and waxen floor,

A promise like a slender golden candle  
Lay reaching, reaching toward the maple chair.

The rough rug made the sunshine seem to waver,

It struck one vase and was a diadem.  
The woman closed her eyes. It seemed forever

That light would lie along her quiet room.

The candle-shaft grew dimmer as it widened,

Crept slowly up the chair and to her breast,

Out through the farther window to the linden

And in its eastern branches was erased.

The sun went down where granite hills were graven,

But as the paling finger flickered out  
It touched the mantel clock, bequeathed the evening

And charged its hand with keeping of the night.

The shadows in the corner spread and deepened.

The braided rug was mist. The vase of phlox

Made afterglow . . . then footsteps . . . then the opened

Door and the light brought in. The clock struck six.

BURNHAM EATON

## The Best Roads

People ask me as I journey

Be it north, south, east or west,

Where I see the finest scenery,

Where I find the roads the best.

And I answer all their questions:

Makes no difference where I roam,

That I see the finest scenery

And the best roads—going home.

GEORGE F. SMITH

## Sundown

In summer the day bursts into flaming evening

Like a small boy, reluctant to relinquish an hour;

But in winter it passes quietly into night

Like an old man drowsing into sleep.

INA LADD BROWN

## The Road Ran Straight

The road ran straight enough from town,

Then dipped and sped away,  
And by the side, all flecked with gray,

Brooks ran a good halfway,  
And bordering them with roots far down

Stood willows beckoning.

And there were lilacs, every limb  
Breathing of long ago.

Hard by the fence, cream meadow rue

And blue veined violets grew,

While nervous swallows, blue and slim,

Were harbingers of spring.

The road unwound, a ribbon road,  
Miles went by two's and three's,

And, suddenly, like canopies,

Stood spreading apple trees

Arrayed with nature's perfumed load,  
And slowly opening.

And then I fell within the spell.

The trees were great and small.

One, misty pink, and not as tall,

Leaned to the graying wall,

And there the pale-crowned sentinel  
Was just awakening.

The road ran straight enough from town

Until the wild array

That graced the field to broad highway

Lured me to overstay.

My arms were filled. The sun slipped down,

And home was whispering.

MABEL GOULD DEMERS



## On Climbing Katahdin

KATAHDIN—ah, that magic name  
Looms in my mind as if the sun  
Had cast the shadow of its mighty  
peak across my face.

The defiant and sullen giant  
Dares all who approach to attempt its  
Oh so gentle bottom hill-lets, and  
Conquering these with ease, the young  
hopefuls  
Aspire to greater heights. The true  
Katahdin nature  
Is then revealed as gravel tends to  
slide and  
Mischievous-seeking roots reach out to  
trip  
The unsuspecting climber.

Around the bend, and the pine cover  
is dropped  
To reveal the stark naked rock  
shimmering in the sun.  
The top towers, beckoning from above,  
And with renewed vigor, one tightens  
one's belt  
And the crawl upward begins.

Only one more pull and this rock is  
scaled—  
One mutters to oneself as the sun  
assumes  
A vertical position — only one more  
rock —  
Then the top. But again Pamola,  
The great God of a great mountain  
Has foiled you; for another peak, the  
true peak,  
Throws its challenge from the north-  
east  
Across the rock strewn plateau.

A last swig of water — there's a  
spring not far off  
And again the pedi-flight resumes  
Against the domineering God of  
steep Katahdin.  
But again the great God reigns  
supreme

For the spring is dry. One hastens  
on.

I must attain the top, I must —  
Never stopping to reason why — the  
view  
Will be no different, but still  
The magnetic peak draws you on-  
ward, and then  
The summit is reached.  
For what? — A view.  
More mountains, salt and pepper with  
lakes  
And then more mountains.  
A view and then the downward  
struggle.  
Rocks and roots more treacherous  
than ever.  
And now the wind.

Not the gentle, sea level wind but an  
untamed wind  
In all its fury, taking advantage of a  
free piece of cloth,  
Or a swirling column of dust, to hin-  
der you.  
And driving clouds, little snow-white  
puffs and fierce thunder clouds  
Sweeping the white puffs away and  
bringing in an all enveloping  
fog.  
The wind

But now the shelter of the forest is  
regained and one rushes madly  
down.  
Slipping and sliding to escape the  
wrath of the unapproachable  
Pamola.  
The bottom is reached.  
A group of fresh-looking, pack toting  
people are about to start.  
... Was it easy — Oh, very.  
... Was it fun? — Lots.  
... Make good time? — Wonderful.  
Have a good trip!

By JUDY MILLS  
(After climbing Maine's highest  
mountain while attending "Blazing  
Trail" summer camp at Denmark,  
Maine.)

---

## Photo Credits:

FRONT COVER, Ansco Color,  
photo by Maine Publicity Bu-  
reau; process plates and all oth-  
er engravings by Waterville  
Sentinel Engravers. Printed by:  
Kennebec Journal Print Shop,  
Augusta, Maine.

Pages: 11, 12, 13, 16, and 38 furnished.

All other photos by the State of Maine Publicity Bureau.

---

# Maine's Sea Lexington

By JANIE MICHAELS

This story of Chief Orono,  
Comes down to us from long ago;  
From time to time 'tis good to hear,  
Lest memories of it disappear.

**B**RAVE ORONO, Penobscots' Chief,  
Would settlers save from woeful  
grief;  
Men who had fought in righteous  
Cause,  
From Concord, Mass. to Valley Forge,  
Against the bad, obnoxious laws,  
Of stubborn, witless, old King George.  
For seven years they fearless fought,  
Until the tyrant peace besought.

But wars are prone to backward kicks,  
So happened this to '76:  
In seventeen-hundred eighty-one  
The British sailed the coast of Maine,  
To crush those men who, freedom won,  
Now sowed their seed and reaped their  
grain;  
On Sundays sang their pious psalms,  
With never a thought of war-alarms.

An Indian Brave, name lost to fame,  
Told Orono of fleet and aim—  
"Five brigs, five schooners, skirt the  
coast,

To plunder, to lay waste the land—  
Theirs is indeed no idle boast;  
So here wait I your quick command,  
To warn these settlers of their fate,  
Before the hour shall be too late."

Said Orono, "With no delay,  
Find runners, canoe-men, where you  
may,

And tell these Braves all I possess  
Of acres, wampum, guns, canoes,  
I'll gladly give and nothing less  
To those who'll carry these bad news,  
Along these shores in record time,  
To stop the doings of a monstrous  
crime."

In breathless speed, with purpose  
strong,

This Brave set off to halt this wrong—  
In fishing coves, in meadows wide,  
Wherever warriors of the tribe  
He could seek out to act or guide,  
His vivid words did soon describe,  
The perils to those settlers white,  
That would their future surely blight.

These Braves made up the "Fast Ex-  
press"

Desired by Orono to stress  
The menace of that nearby fleet—  
Of schooners five and brigs the same,  
Whose crews in brazen, cold conceit,  
Thought they could land and put to  
flame,

The homes and crops of those brave  
ones,  
Before they could put hands to guns.

With speed this "Fast Express" made  
bare

This plot the settlers to ensnare;  
So when the fleet did hug the shore,  
They found an angry populace  
Blasting from guns a threatening  
roar,

No matter what the time or place.  
And being Englishmen of sense,  
They sailed away in their own de-  
fense.

Now this brave deed of Orono,  
Could not long unrewarded go,  
The Commonwealth of Massachusetts,  
Paid him in full the heavy cost,  
Declaring otherwise regrets  
Would come, and friendships fine be  
lost,

'Twixt Indians and brothers-white—  
To pay was only just and right.

Chief Orono lived to a ripe old age,  
So read the annals of history's page;  
One hundred thirteen years was he  
When, shrouded in his garments fine,  
"Penobscots" did one and all agree,  
To tomb him by a stately pine,  
In Old-Town-Indian-burial-ground—  
A grave forever memory-crowned.



# August

*By:* ADDISON LIBERMAN

**A**UGUST . . . a brazen, golden trumpet!  
The sun, a liquid yellow note,  
strong, sustained and high . . .  
clear as a scream on the silent oven of earth,  
piercing as trumpeter's challenge to toreador and bull . . .  
wild and flaming, pulsing with a rhythm  
foreign to this staid New England soil.  
August . . . a brazen, golden trumpet  
played by a Spanish gypsy.